The Indian Ladies Magazine

Vol. III. AUGUST 1929. No. 1

CHILDHOOD

Faith, loyalty, modesty, innocence,
Are like a precious essence in the heart:
Should the least shock the phial's crystal crack,
The perfume vanishes at once away.
Oh, let us leave the child his candour fresh!
This velvet bloom that spreads on prune and peach,
This soft down, this virginity of fruit
Which the least friction utterly destroys,
This vapour varnish on the gilded grape,
This light upon the picture thrown from heaven,
This coloured dust upon the butterfly,
This thin and subtle veil that longs to leave,
This network delicate that a breath would melt,
A covering frail, so frail and tinted so
With interwoven shades that cross and blend,
One fears to touch it even with the thought.

FROM TORU DUTT'S
"*A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*"

SOME ASPECTS OF THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE

THE Eighteenth Century was an age of argument and reason, of great ideas and ideals of the regularity of prose and poetry, of eager composition on great themes, and of a sonorous style that dignified as well as weighted down English Literature. Literary men abounded in that age, and in the midst of their ponderous sentences and heavy, if noble, thoughts, the colour scheme of Blake's fantasy, his lyrical measures and visionary gleams came as a welcome contrast. The spontaneity and charming imagination of this poet made him seem "A new kind of man", whose very imperfections of technique were sure evidence of his unmethodical outpouring. He was

not a whit representative of his age, being one who said he saw angels as a child, who regarded himself as in direct spiritual communion with the next world, and died with a song of the things he saw in Heaven on his lips. This mystic suffered as all do, who are born before their time; he struggled and was poor and was neglected all his life.

Blake was an engraver by profession, and an artist of no mean order—he illustrated his own and other poets' work, but he did not pander to the public taste, and so was hardly recognised by his own generation, and almost forgotten after his death. Most of his long poems are "Apocalyptic" in atmosphere, cryptic in language and complex in subject-matter, with magnificent visions and imagery, blurred by too great a wealth and burden of words. But, in the "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience", Blake shows another side of his character and style. A love of Nature, democratic sentiment and simplicity, together with a love of children and home life are here expressed with no uncertain pen. The Rationalism of the bold and consistent thinker, (that of intuition rather than of reason), the dark and mysterious depths of Mythology that he tries to plumb elsewhere, and the difficult Philosophy that he endeavours to explain, give place in these poems to a note of rapture and the phantom and subtle touch of a fairy's wing. It is "the singing of a happy child, expressed with the art of a man."

The work of Blake heralds the coming of the Romantic Revival in English Literature. Like Burns, Blake glories in the splendour of human love, and rejoices in the beauty of the sun and of the sky, but, unlike Burns, Nature suffices for him, and Passion is not a guest at his board. He sings thus of his Love:

"So when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear,
So when we walk, nothing impure comes near,
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat,
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet."

Blake, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, is best pleased with life when it is most unadorned, with flowers, hills and brooding clouds; he does much to prepare the way for "Lyrical Ballads" by expressing such sentiments as

"Great things are done when men and mountains meet,
This is not done by jostling in the street."

Blake foreshadows Shelley in the belief that Love is the only impulse to right living; he sets his face against all "Moral Compulsion", opposed all intellectual analyses of spiritual truths and the logic of the theologian, which to him meant a distortion of the message of God. He illustrates this point in the poem beginning,

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

Blake has Shelley's passion for unrestrained Liberty, and he thunders at all oppression, sparing not his own country when she falls short of his ideals.

"But vain the Sword and vain the Bow,
They never can work War's overthrow.
The Hermit's Prayer, the Widow's Tear
Alone can free the World from fear.

"For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel's wing,
And the bitter groan of a Martyr's woe
Is an Arrow for the Almightie's Bow."

Shelley's elfin note is anticipated by Blake sometimes in fantastic and almost grotesque language, as in the abrupt, disconnected, yet forceful sentences of "The Tiger", and at other times in a daring simplicity of phrase and of thought, such as we find in the opening strains of "The Reeds of Innocence".

Blake reads strange and wonderful meanings into the most ordinary things. To him all earth is holy, all animals have something of the Divine in them, and behind everything he says we feel the poet's mind absorbing the good and beautiful in life. "A Robin Redbreast in a cage", sings Blake, "puts all Heaven in a rage," and he goes on to describe how the starved dog, the misused horse and the hunted hare cry aloud to their Creator for vengeance on their tormentors, till, "a Skylark wounded on the wing", as "a Cherubin doth cease to sing".

Blake is a mystic, but he has no trace of pessimism in his songs. For him the mystery of joy is ever present, and evil rouses him to anger, not to tears. His philosophy of Life is pictured thus:

"Joy and Sorrow are woven fine,
A clothing for the Soul divine,
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with Silver twine."

The "Songs of Innocence" express the beauty of life in very simple language. Children gathering at evening "round the laps of their mothers", are "like birds in a nest, ready for rest", and "the Moon like a flower, in Heaven's high bower, . . . sits and smiles with delight." Again, a child's religion is set forth in Blake's poem on the lamb, where he tells of Him who was meek, and who was mild, and who became a little Child.

Blake's personification of the virtues is, perhaps, unrivalled in its earnest simplicity of style.

"Mercy", says he, "has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress."

Contrast with this the Song of Experience,

"Cruelty hath a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face,
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.

"The human dress is forged iron,
The human form a fiery forge,
The human form a furnace sealed,
The human heart its hungry gorge."

In the "Songs of Experience," Blake's power of imagery has, if anything, gained force and colour with the years, but what is most apparent to us is the conviction that the man no longer writes of the more seamy side of life with but a poet's interest in the theme, but because he has himself come face to face with the evil in men's hearts and bears the scars of many a fight against hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. He still has eyes to see the "Starry floor", and the "Wat'ry shore", but Earth now has her "locks covered with grey despair", and Blake as a warrior must say, "I dried my tears and armed my fears with ten thousand shields and spears".

"The Poison Tree" is a poem full of realism, and reveals that Life had sown tares of Wrath and Revenge in his heart. First, he relates how:

"I was angry with my friend,
I told my wrath, my wrath did end;
I was angry with my foe,
I told it not, my wrath did grow. . . . .

"And I watered it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears. . . . .
Till it bore an apple bright . . . ."

So, "In the morning glad I see,
My foe outstretched beneath the tree."

"The Garden of Love" is full of a delicate symbolism. Here, he pictures the Chapel in the midst of sweet flowers and the closed gates, the graves and the tombstones, the priests in their black gowns, "walking their rounds, and binding with briars my joys and desires."

Blake seems to make a terrible indictment against the principles of religious persecution in his poem, "The Little Boy Lost", where he deals with the age-long controversy of one, who holds a belief differing from that held conventionally by all around him. The compassion of Blake, translated into words, runs thus:

> " In every cry of every man,
> In every infant's cry of fear,
> In every voice, in every ban,
> The mind-forged manacles I hear."

Blake may not be one of the world's great poets, nor can he be fully appreciated in this century of haste and endless competition, for it needs "a heart at leisure from itself," a serene mind and a quiet soul to understand his thoughts; but, given the time for thought, few poets of his age will prove so inspiring as Blake, or afford so much variety in subject-matter, as this champion of simplicity and truth, this enemy of all that is evil in the world.

MONA HENSMAN.

THE WONDER OF IT ALL !

THE civilised world, after the Great War, stands stripped of many of the happy illusions of the past. The "Material" seems to be rapidly conquering the "Spiritual" elements in life. The bustle and hectic rush in modern towns make men and women sophisticated. So, there have sprung up those complicated and much-discussed products, the "Modern Youth" and the "Modern Girl." These to my mind present one special characteristic. They have ceased to wonder at Nature, or the works of man. Every thing is accepted without comment; the old and time-worn pleasure-resorts have ceased to please; there is ever a seeking-after of some fresh sensation, and a feeling of restlessness. Shakespeare is seldom read or acted; whereas, the more vulgarly spectacular and vapid the musical comedy, the more popular it is. The wireless and the 'talkie' cinema will slowly but surely suppress the concert hall and the legitimate drama. Many of our writers, painters and poets, catering to our needs, give us realism, cubist pictures and slang verse. The horse has retreated before the motor-car, which will soon make way for the aeroplane. Charabancs and buses clatter across beautiful roads and lanes, desecrating the country-side. We need to 'hustle' to keep our place in the tide of life. Sport is rapidly becoming commercialised, and the "Pot-hunter" is on the prowl. Competition in trade and sport has become tense and ruthless. Speed records are broken every day. Fashions in clothes and manners change

with bewildering rapidity, from one bizarre form to another. The old-fashioned home is crumbling before the convenience and splendour of the hotel. Men and women spend their lives, gambling, dancing, drinking and smoking; they morbidly flit from one form of dissipation to another, seldom satisfied, ever restless, their sensibilities blunted by a glut of sensations. They flee from solitude, from thought and from religion even. This view might appear exaggerated and cynical, but still, presents a picture of one phase at least of modern life.

It is so easy to accept without question the gifts that God gives us; why worry over the why and the wherefore, when we imagine we can be happy and contented by simply following the crowd? The question, however, remains to be answered whether we are really happy in this environment.

If we are really contented in blindly doing what others do, why should we feel restless; why this sensation of vague discomfort prompting us to plunge into feverish activity; why do we grudge giving even a moment to thought and a questioning of conduct? It would appear that we fear to think and to question, because we feel that, if we do attempt to question such conduct and to base it upon a reasoned and convincing philosophy, our whole house of cards will fall about us and leave us naked and shivering. It is only by reflection and the evolving of a moral code for ourselves that we can act to our entire satisfaction, without restlessness. The act by itself is a poor unsatisfying husk; only the reasoned moral motive behind the act really signifies; and, without reflection and without really understanding ourselves, if we act at random, following the herd, we cannot be really happy, because we know we are falling below the standard set for us; and this feeling of incomplete self-realisation pricks us into restlessness. This is what Emerson says:—" When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible, are comely, as they take their place in the pictures of memory. . . . . For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose ".

When man stepped over the boundary which separated him from the beast, and the light of reason and understanding flooded his mind, he beheld the sun, the moon and the stars with terror and wonderment, the lightning flashed into his very soul, and the storm and the thunder shook and reverberated and he fell down and worshipped. Then all men were poets who sang hymns of praise in honour of nature. But the play of intellect upon the accumulation of experience gradually

brought in its wake a familiarity and contempt for natural beauty and grandeur; and now, in this sophisticated age of convention and clanking engines, most of us feel neither wonder nor awe at the miracles of nature or the works of man. But, consider for a moment the lives and outlook of our really great men. Nearly all those, who have created permanent works of art or literature or science or of any other branch of human activity, have had the minds of children. They beheld the world and all its component parts with childish awe, questioned and wondered at every simple act and event, had a fellow-feeling for all around them and bowed down in worship before the author of the miracle of the world; and it is this wonderment and this conviction, that every single thing, however insignificant or ugly, is a beautiful and marvellous expression of the divine worker of miracles, that has stamped upon their works the marks of genius and permanence and of universal application in a world of flux. We want to develop an exquisite sensitiveness and to preserve the simplicity of childhood. Only by wise training, by deep thought, by having an open and kindly mind and by developing a moral sense, can we attain to real happiness. "It is a secret which every intellectual man quickly learns that, beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect, he is capable of a new energy (as of an intellect doubled in itself), by abandonment to the nature of things; that, beside his privacy of power of an individual man, there is a great public power, on which he can draw by unlocking at all risks his human doors and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him; then he is caught up into the life of the universe, his speech is thunder, his thought is law and his words are universally intelligible as the plants and animals."

Many of us, squirming under carping care and smarting under bitter experience, wish for our childhood days back again, when we revelled in a world of pure enjoyment and had not a care to worry us. The activities on this earth continue the same, whether we are ten years of age or sixty. It is only our point of view that changes. When we, in our adult years, scramble for scraps, worry over insignificant details and are bound down by inhibitions, the children abandon themselves to a world of marvellous enchantment, forget their little troubles in the pure enjoyment of living, probe down to elemental truths with unerring vision, and "are in tune with the triumphant cadence of things." It is their clean outlook and trustfulness and bright imagination that turns every thing into gold; but, above all, it is a clear conscience that makes them really happy. "He who shall bravely and gracefully subdue this Gorgon of Convention and Fashion, and show men how to lead a clean, handsome and heroic life amid the beggarly elements of our cities and villages; whoso shall teach me how to eat my meat and take my repose, and deal with men, without any shame following, will restore

the life of man to splendour and make his own name dear to all history."

The glorious, but arduous, duty of training children to remain essentially children throughout life, has been given to parents, especially mothers. Alas! how many, thrusting their children into the back-ground, to be neglected by irresponsible underlings, shake themselves free of domestic cares to fulfil their vocations, as they think, away from home in a life devoted to pleasure, or social service, or politics. Charity indeed beginneth at home, and the training of children to become good men and women, who can live a clean life, face facts full in the face and yet believe in miracles, is a greater and more glorious work than all the social service and politics and committees put together. Let us remain essentially children all through our lives and train our children to be so.

Christ said "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of God".

W. R. S. S.

MORAL INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

—*Samuel Daniel.*

THE introduction of moral instruction in the High school curricula of studies is certainly a useful innovation. Educational authorities have made it compulsory in the High school classes to have one period a week in the time-table set apart for moral instruction. They have also taken care to draw up a complete syllabus for the IV, V, and VI Forms and it is clear therefrom that the aim kept in view is to cultivate in the students the spirit of selfless service which is undoubtedly the mainspring of all other virtues. No one is likely to question the desirability of instructing children as to how they should regulate their conduct and form good habits. No one is likely to deny that the presentation of noble ideals illustrated by the biographies of eminent personages has a wholesome influence on the character and conduct of the student. The main object of education being the formation of character, it is only proper that every effort should be made in Educational institutions to ensure that the pupils who enter their portals may not only turn out learned scholars, but may also grow up good citizens, ornaments to their country in particular and to society in general.

There is no denying the fact that the benefit of this teaching, as of teaching of most other subjects, will depend entirely on the worth

of the individual teacher as a moral educator. The teacher must be a person of exemplary conduct, who follows in his life the precepts which he wants the students to follow. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that, if moral instruction is to produce the desired effect, proper teachers must be selected for the purpose. The enthusiasm of the teacher, his ability to make his lessons interesting, the stories, quotations, proverbs and examples from history and biography which he has at his command to illustrate the truths of his statements, but above all this, his own personal example, will make his class an ideal one. Young students are careful observers and usually imitate what they see and hear. They take notice of many details in their teacher's conduct, as, for example, punctuality, neatness, gentle speech, regard for truth and so on. The teacher's punctual and systematic performance of all his duties is really the foundation of such a habit in the pupils. The most effective method, in fact, for forming good habits in the pupils is the teacher's own example. In habits of punctuality, of good manners, of cleanliness, of cheerful obedience to duty, of respect for others and of truthfulness in thought, word and deed, the teacher has to set the example in the first instance. It is also necessary now and then to make an appeal to the feelings and the personalities of the students. In this way alone can moral instruction be made to serve the purpose for which it is intended, *viz.*, the formation of character and the regulation of conduct.

An erroneous notion exists that a moral lesson must, from its very nature, be something quite unwholesome and that it is impossible to make it interesting. Teachers very often complain that they find students inattentive during the moral lesson period and ascribe this inattention to the fact that it does not help them in any way, so far as their examinations are concerned. This is, no doubt, to some extent, true, because, if students know that a particular lesson will not in any way help them in their examinations, the majority of them will not care to attend. But the teacher is in most cases to blame for this want of attention on the part of his students. If he takes the trouble of making his lesson interesting, he will find that his students listen to him with rapt attention. Short stories by way of illustration, apt quotations and proverbs and many other devices may be made use of to make the lesson interesting. I can give an instance of this from my own experience. I have taken up the work of moral instruction in the Fourth Form and I always make it a point to think out before going to the class how I should proceed, in order to create interest in my students, who are young boys between 12 and 14 years of age. My first lesson was a success and it was in this way. I went to the class with the idea of instructing them on the importance of worshipping God, faith in and devotion to God being, in my opinion, the foundation on which the super-structure of character and conduct must be built up. I explained to the boys with

illustrations how it was impossible to deny the existence of a power superior to all of us and told them that this supreme power was called GOD. Then, dealing with the necessity of worshipping Him, I wrote the following sentence on the black board :—

"WORSHIP HIM! YOU ATTAIN A SOUL DEVOID OF ANGER, PASSION AND GUILT."

I asked them to get this sentence by heart, giving them a hint that it was useful in another way. They were all attention now. The meaning of the sentence was explained and I said that they should try in their own lives to follow the advice contained therein by worshipping God daily in their lives, setting apart a portion of their time every day for the worship of God. How the sentence was useful in another way was then explained. I showed them how, if they remembered this sentence, they would be able to find out the day of the week corresponding to any particular date. I worked out an example and there was no student in the class who was thinking of anything else. My object was gained. They were now eager to learn the sentence by heart and knowing its meaning, they would not forget what I had told them about the importance of worshipping God. I am, therefore, of opinion that, if teachers take some trouble beforehand, they can make even very dry lessons interesting to some extent. When interest is created, the student will as a usual rule be found very attentive. Careful preparation of the lessons is necessary here as in every other subject.

It is the duty of every teacher to see that the moral tone of his school is brought up to as high a level as possible. Without a healthy moral tone, no educational institution is worth its name. Teachers must set the example in every rule of conduct and must instruct their pupils as to the proper way of conducting themselves and developing their character. If this is carefully borne in mind by the staff of every educational Institution, and if the necessary efforts are made to carry into practice what is taught in the class rooms, the whole present-day educational atmosphere will be purged of the many impurities that have crept into it, and there will be ushered into being a new world and a new era, where the watch-words will always be "SERVICE AND SACRIFICE". May such a millennium be in store for us!

OM TAT SAT!

A. V. K. KRISHNA MENON,
Principal, Zamorin's College, Calicut.

INDIAN WOMEN AND ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

DESPITE the advance of the woman's movement in India, there is still current the opinion that, if a woman takes up an occupation, such an act will be incompatible with a proper handling of family responsibilities and a due discharge of family duties, on her part. In other words, many Indian householders take it for granted that a married woman settled in life can never take up any employment exclusively and independently of the family, even though she may be highly educated and culturally well-equipped. If, however, she takes up any independent occupation, she is looked upon with dismay by persons of the orthodox school of thought.

This unhealthy prejudice against the Indian family women taking up any occupation, is based upon the popular conception that the only function of the Indian women is the bringing up of a family. But, with the progress of the movement in India for the betterment of the condition of the women, a small portion of the Indian public has cleared its mind of some crude notions about the true duties of woman, both in her public and family life. The notion that a cultured and accomplished family-woman is destined, by force of time-honoured custom, to waste her sweetness in the smoky kitchen, is slowly wearing out, thanks to the awakening of India.

Yet, however much Indian women may wake up and look far above the narrow limits of their household and realise their higher responsibilities to the nation, much good can never be done, unless the Indian male population generally changes its angle of vision. That an independent vocation by women can be carried on side by side with, and harmoniously alongside of, the ordinary duties of domestic responsibility, should be realised by all. In the course of a recent publication, "Careers for Women", (Edited by Doris E. Fleischman, Doubleday, Doran and Company), Mrs. Lillian Gilbreth reveals the astonishing fact that she has, while pursuing the profession of consulting engineer, also borne and reared twelve children. In the course of the recent annual meeting of the Bengal Presidency Council of Women, a strong plea was put forward to afford better educational facilities for women to enable them to follow independent careers.

Indian public men, interested in the advancement of their women, are very anxious to give the right type of education to their girls. In later life, many women have realised to their cost that

the total lack of any facilities to follow an independent occupation is a real barrier to their moral and material progress. In the best interests of national progress, women should be economically independent and self-reliant. One of the latest "Bulletins of the United States Department of Labour", in discussing the extension of women's activities in America, says :—

> "The fact is that the woman of to-day goes to work either because of economic pressure or because work interests her. Her income may not be necessary to meet the every-day needs of her family life, yet she feels that the standard of living and of life can be raised by her contribution to the family income. This is true of women in all classes."

Again,

> "Women by their own ability and capacity for work are breaking down century-old prejudice and they are coming into their own."

The responsibility is all the greater, therefore, upon parents to afford proper, efficient and equal educational facilities to their daughters along with their sons. By the thoroughness and completeness of the system of education imparted to them, Indian women should have a potential earning capacity, so that they can have an equal status with men. With such an asset, they will have economic independence and self-reliance, which will certainly elevate them from a life of misery and subjection.

H. GANGADHARAN.

MRS. JANABAI ROKDE, J.P.

AMONG the persons, who have been recently appointed Justices of the Peace, we are glad to find the name of Mrs. Janabai Rokde. We know her to be a great social worker among the Marathi-speaking Hindu backward communities. For the last twenty-five years, she has been devoting the major portion of her earnings as qualified midwife and nurse, to improve the lot of poor labourers. For twenty years, she maintained free a Marathi Primary School at Mandvi Koliwada. This school was originally set up by her father, Madhavrao Raghoji Rokde, J.P., nearly 62 years ago in that locality; and after the demise of her father, her elder brother, the late Dharmajirao Rokde, and her sister Ahalyabai kept it going at a great personal sacrifice. Mrs. Janabai was able to help them, when she got a training in midwifery and nursing with the help of her brother, after she was widowed in her young years. She resolved to devote whatever she could spare from her earnings towards the

R. VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM.

Mrs. Janabai Rokde, J.P., Bombay.

maintenance of the free school. After the death of her aforesaid brother and sister, the whole responsibility of maintaining the school fell on her. Five years ago she, with the help of her friends, succeeded in collecting Rs. 25,100 in order to perpetuate the school in her revered father's name. She handed over this sum to the Bombay Municipality on condition that the school should be maintained free in a new building, which was being erected by that body for locating primary schools at Mandvi, and to-day the school exists in that locality under the name of Madhavrao Rokde. Last year, she celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of the school, chiefly with the help of the past pupils of the school; and succeeded in getting the late Governor of Bombay to preside over the function, which was reported to be unique in Bombay.

After she was relieved of the responsibility of maintaining the free school, she opened a free maternity home in the name of her sister Ahalyabai on the premises which were once occupied by the school, and has been maintaining it chiefly at her own cost. This charitable institution has been of great use to poor and ignorant women, who are afraid of taking advantage of the new methods in hospitals. Mrs. Janabai did not remain satisfied with so much useful and noble work. She has set up a free library in the name of her brother Dharmajirao, which she has been maintaining for the last four years at her own cost. She has been rendering very useful service as a member of the Advisory Boards of the J. J. Hospital and Cama Hospital. A few years ago, Government decorated her with the second class Kaiser-i-Hind medal, in recognition of her good services to the masses, and now she is the recipient of a new honour which will make her more useful to poor families. We wish her long life and sound health to pursue her noble services to the poor.

R. VENKOBA RAO.

THE FLICKERING FLAME

LILAMANI breathlessly watched the flickering flame. It was dying, dying. Amidst a thousand other glowing lamps, the heart of this little flame was failing. In a few seconds it would be out—extinguished. Had its life so quickly come to an end, and was its spirit to fly from this world without imparting its spark of light to some other being? One, two, three—in another second it would be gone. She could almost hear its last splutter, in spite of the chatter, the laughter, and the noise all around her; for it was Deepavali night, and everyone in the house except herself were enjoying themselves. There, the light was out at last, ah

no, it was burning again, just one last attempt to live. But that last fight for life seemed to have something potent within it, for an overhanging straw wisp caught up the infection of its heat, and was now glowing with a dangerous intensity in the darkness. Where was the flame of the burning straw travelling to? It went to a heap of debris, and soon that was burning too. Would there be a fire? Was she to give the alarm? But, before she could make up her mind, she heard a commotion all around her.

"Fire, fire," some voices screamed. There was a general stampede towards the conflagration; and it was soon put out, and there was peace once more in the little garden. People returned to their gaiety; but Lilamani, on watching the spot minutely, where the fire had been, found that her little lamp was now indeed dead. She heaved a sigh, for it seemed to her that a friend of hers had left this world; but a second scrutiny of the spot from where she stood made her notice another little lamp that was beginning to glow brightly, rejoicing in its new-found life. A feeling of hope, nay, almost of pleasure, came into her sad crushed mind. Her little flickering flame had not died in vain after all. A new light had found life from its fading glow.

II

Lilamani still stood at her little window, watching the scene outside. The tiny oil lamps, which had hitherto illuminated the garden, were all nearly out now. The children were becoming sleepy. The noisy firing of crackers was over. Peace was again settling down. Her brother, Gopal, had gone into his room to study. Her sister Neela, was reclining on a mat in the verandah, talking to her mother. Lilamani stared at them. Her eyes looked haggard and worn out in the dim light. A fit of coughing shook her slender frame, dis-arranging the plain white folds of her sari, and revealing her shaven head. She hurriedly covered it again, and, through sheer self-pity, two large tears rolled down her wan cheeks.

But this self-pity was soon merged in a wild fluttering of her heart, and she looked eagerly at a tall figure that now entered the garden, and stopped to talk to her mother. It was Raman, the man whom she loved, and who was to marry her sister within a few days.

"Where is Gopal?" she heard him ask her mother.

"He has just gone to his room to study," was the reply, and the tall man entered the house. As he came nearer her window, Lilamani's heart began to thump more and more wildly. But she, schooled herself to be calm; it was wicked of her to think of such a thing as love; for, was she not a poor sick widow, alone and desolate? Besides, even though he was kind to her, he did not love her.

Nay, he was to be married to her sister in a short time. What business had she then to harbour such feelings towards him? But it was hard—hard for her. Ever since they were children, she and her brother and sister and this man had been play-fellows together. A pretty scene of years ago now came back to her. Raman and she had always been great chums, and one day, when she was but seven and he eight, they had run away to a little tree far away amidst the green fields; and there, he had pretended to play at being an old hermit, sitting amongst the forest leaves, and she had been his old wife in the hermitage, and had cooked mock-meals for him. Ah, what a happy day she had had, and how well she remembered the regret that had crept into her soul, when her angry father had found them at last, and had taken them home.

Those days were but memories of the past now, for they had been dispelled one night, when her mother had come to her, and told her that she was to marry a man whom she had never seen before. Protest had been useless. The thing had to be done, and a few years after the marriage, her husband had died, leaving her a widow.

As all these thoughts came crowding into her mind, she saw Raman passing her window, on his way to Gopal's room, and she looked at him with eyes full of yearning. Suddenly, as if impelled by her earnest look, he turned and stopped, and she hurriedly averted her hungry glance.

"Lila," he said, "are you feeling very sad and lonely? You poor girl! How I wish I could help you." His tone was that of a sympathetic friend. There was nothing more in it.

"Oh, it is quite all right," she indifferently replied, trying to hide the quiver in her voice. "I am used to this sort of life. It is my Fate."

"Yes, I expect it cannot be helped," he said. "But oh! I pity you with all my soul."

"Thank you," she replied, "It is very kind of you even to think of me."

"Don't be silly, Lila," he answered sternly, "of course I think of you. Have you not been my little friend for years? But in a few days, I shall really try and help you, for I shall be your brother-in-law then."

Oh, he was cruel, cruel, she thought. How blind he was not to know how he hurt her. But, she replied, "Yes, Raman, you will soon be my sister's husband. I am looking forward to the day."

"How are you feeling now, Lila? Is that cough of yours better?"

"No, I think it is worse; but it does not matter."

"Well, I think I must be going now. I came to see your brother on some business. Goodnight, Lila." And he was gone. She watched his retreating figure, and a bitter smile hardened her soft tender face for a moment. The clock in the hall outside struck eight. It was time to serve the evening meal. She hurried from her room to the kitchen and immersed herself in her daily duties.

III

Neela was to be married that evening. In another twelve hours Raman would be her husband. How happy she was that day! She was fortunate in that she was to marry a man whom she already knew. Ah! There was her girlish laughter ringing through the house. She was examining her pretty saries and gorgeous jewels. A pang of jealousy shot through Lilamani's heart for a moment. Why was fortune so one-sided, showering all her good things on one, and leaving the other out entirely? But Lilamani was a good girl and loved her sister dearly. She therefore chided herself as a wicked woman for her jealousy, and in another minute was her gentle self again.

Neela entered the room, and looked at herself in a mirror. "Oh Lila," she cried, "Say I am looking pretty. Don't you like me with these new ear-rings? Why don't you ever praise me, Lila?"

"Of course you are looking beautiful, Neela. Let me see all your new saris and jewels. You haven't shown them to me yet, you know."

"Haven't I? They are simply lovely. I sha'l go and bring them at once. You know Lila, I sometimes actually feel sorry for you, when I think how miserable you must be in that old cotton sari, and your head shaved. Wait a minute, I shall go and bring you my saris."

Like a flash of lightning, Neela ran out of the room, and her happy, radiant eyes failed to see how her sister drooped against the door at her cruel words; and her ears, deaf to all other things but her own joy, failed to hear the wracking cough that shook poor Lila's feeble frame, as she left the room.

IV

The ceremonies were over now, and the house was packed with guests. Lovely women, with diamonds and rubies sparkling at their throats and ears, crowded the hall inside, and outside Lilamani could hear the beautiful music, played by an expert violinist got expressly from afar to grace this happy occasion. She could see the gay *pandal*, the clusters of plantain leaves, and cocoanuts hanging on the pillars, the red and gold streamers flying in the air, the raised chair in the middle of the place, where Raman sat radiantly happy, surrounded by his numerous men-friends.

Ah God, it was too much for Lila to bear. She could stand it no longer. She, being a widow, could not step among the guests. She was an evil omen, a thing that brought bad luck. Her shadow was not to cross her sister on that merry wedding evening. Fiery tears raced down her hot cheeks. She could control herself no longer. She made her way to the back of the house, and stealthily crept out, unseen, to the green fields. How cool and refreshing they looked in the light of the setting sun, as they stretched out far ahead of her, to be lost finally among the blue hills. She hurried on, unmindful of where she was going. Anywhere, so long as she could get away from that maddening house of gaiety. She sped on and on. The sun had now set, and a grey-blue darkness began to envelop the earth around her. Fatigue overtook her at last, and she sank breathless beneath a tree. There, wracking sobs shook her once more, and she dropped upon the dry earth, a solitary figure in that lonely spot.

She did not know how long she had lain there. She must have slept, for it was with a start that she awoke, to feel large cold drops of rain falling upon her. She shuddered in the chill breeze. A cold hand, like the icy fingers of death, seemed to grip her heart. She looked at the sky. It was black with clouds. In the distance, flashes of lightning broke the still darkness, followed by growls of thunder. She rose, and sped for home; but it must have been a long way that she had strayed, for she was wet through and through and shuddering with cold, by the time she reached it.

The last of the guests were just departing, and Lilamani hurried to her room and changed into dry clothes.

But that night proved to be the crisis of her life. The next morning she awoke with high fever, which soon developed into pneumonia, and in a few days, the doctor pronounced her case a hopeless one.

In vain did her mother nurse her; Lilamani had no initiative to live. Life had no attractions for her. Her spirit drooped into unconsciousness. All she wanted was rest, rest from this weary world. She sank into peaceful oblivion, and one night, when her mother thought her asleep, her soul fled to the unknown realm, leaving behind it a shattered wasted body.

V

Five years later, Neela's little son came running to his father one morning, and said, "Father, father, look what I have found. I was playing in that small dark room there, and I found these papers lying in an old tin trunk."

Raman took the papers, and found them to be pages and pages of manuscript written in the childish hand that had been Lilamani's. He began to read eagerly, and in its pages, he found a poignant harassed

tale, revealing the very soul of a poor lonely widow. The story was superb, magnificent, tragic, and tears rolled down Raman's face as he read it.

The flickering flame had not lived in vain, then. It had shed its light on others ere it had died, and that tragic story, written in a secret chamber by a weeping heart, made others realise some of their blindness to the wrongs of womanhood.

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

The Earth after Rain—(A fancy).

Like a newly-bathed and fully-fed babe lies the rain-washed earth. It had been naughty and sullen; it had been punished and now it lies, refreshed and happy, waiting to be forgiven and played with by its mother. It is fragrant with sweet cleanliness; it croons and coos and babbles; it ripples and bubbles with laughter; it frolics with exuberance.

But, mother Nature is tired. She had washed and fed her baby; she had disciplined and taught it; she had done her duty. Now she needs rest.

It remains for her child to show the result of her labours.

FEDERATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN IN INDIA

(*Extracts from the Second Annual Report*)

Comprising :

1. Association of British University Women in India, founded 1913.
2. Bombay Presidency Women Graduates' Union, affiliated 1921.
3. Bengal Women Graduates' Union, founded 1920.
4. Madras Women Graduates' Union, affiliated 1927.
5. Punjab Women Graduates' Union, founded 1927.

When we went to press last year Delhi was reconstructing its unit on, it was understood, the Madras pattern. But, so far as we know, the half-built edifice is still a castle in the air.

Calcutta has also had its difficulties this year. We have therefore in view re-construction on the Madras principle. It would seem to be the economic end to which all units are travelling.

The Punjab Graduates' Union has had bad luck with its executive. In many ways, this Province is favoured above Calcutta—the Government as in Madras greatly encouraging the Women's Movement. One

hears of Women in Industry as well as in Medicine and Education. It has even been whispered in my ear that the Governor would like to see Women Barristers in Punjab Courts of Justice. Madras has again done valiantly this year and has increased its activities. Bombay yields the greatest numbers.

The Central Committee has been very active. Twelve Circular Letters have been issued on International Matters, and much correspondence has arisen, not only out of these references, but in relation also to domestic administration.

Scholarships.—We have competed for the Barnard College Special Scholarship offered to us by Dean Gi'dersleeve (Columbia University), and awarded to Miss Valliammal of Madras. This was a most generous offer exclusive to India, and we greatly appreciate it, and look forward to the time when we can reciprocate such kindnesses.

We have also entered for the Yarrow and Jex Blake (Girton Scholarships), the Bryn Mawr Scholarships (Pennsylvania) and the French Vacation Scholarship. Results are not yet known.

Questionnaires.—In regard to Questionnaires, we have done badly this year. The ones on Industry, Careers, and the Unemployment of Intellectual Workers, were after our own heart.

Nor have we pressed upon our Government the advisability of employing women on Labour Organizations and Committees. We are not yet qualified—though we have made a start in Calcutta, and are encouraged by the assurance that women leaders of Trades-Unions will be welcomed.

We need a woman official at Government of India Headquarters to deal with all questions relating to women and children, to urge amendment of laws, and enlarge scope of careers and employment. Till this is secured, we shall not get much further.

All Branches are organized by individual membership.

As was explained to the Conference at Madrid, we are bound together, whether as individual units of the Association of British University Women (British Degrees), or as Graduates' Union (Indian Degrees), or as a single local society of both, into one Federation of University Women in India, under the governorship of a central body in direct communication with the International.

This Central Committee consists of President and Secretary elected by the entire All-India Membership: a Treasurer elected by the local Unit, which happens to be for the moment the venue of the Central Committee, and members representative of each Provincial or local Association elected by the entire membership of these several Associations. The Central Committee holds office for two years under the

rules, though Calcutta has by request of all Units held office for four years. Our Central Committee is also our Committee of International relations, with the Honorary General Secretary for President. This is indicated by reason of the fact that all overseas correspondence comes to the Honorary General Secretary and is best dealt with by her.

Calcutta has an Education Sub-Committee, but no other Units seem to favour such delegations of authority. Election of Office Bearers by the entire local membership seems to be general in local associations also: and equally generally undergraduates as such are excluded from membership. But, women who have shown an interest in Education, Literary or social work, are elected as Honorary or Associate Members.

Research.—We have unfortunately no provision in our Federation for the encouragement of independent Research work by the grant of Fellowships, etc. Dr. Balfour and Miss Mehta of Bombay are engaged in research work in relation to Maternity. But we cannot, alas! help them. There are tremendous opportunities at the Tropical School of Medicine, Calcutta, the Museum, Calcutta (where a member, Mrs. J. Lindsay, lately did research work in relation to Monkeys at her own expense): Sir J. C. Bose's Plant Institute, Calcutta: the Archæological Excavations under Sir J. Marshall in the Punjab—but no advantage can be taken of these opportunities. There are few leisured women graduates in India. Professional women have no time outside their job for research work: and married women have either no inclination or no opportunity. Yet the heads of Research institutions are eager to have women students as they have told me. We can only hope that other Nationals may want to do such work and will make use of us for establishing contacts.

National and Municipal Work.—In Bombay and Calcutta, the Federation is affiliated to the National Council of Women, and, through this Body, interest in National and Municipal matters is greatly stimulated. The Bombay Council has a Parliamentary Committee, the Bengal Council has a Public Services Group. Bills brought into the Assembly relating to women are regularly discussed, as also questions relating to Labour, and to Municipal matters generally. We in Calcutta have been enquiring into the conditions under which Gully-pit boys (*i.e.*, boys employed to clean out drains) live and work: and have put our recommendations before the Municipal Board.

We have lately also had under consideration the question of enlarging the franchise—University qualification—Vote exerciseable for municipal purposes in certain areas, and not alone for the University.

Social Service.—Bombay reports assistance given to individual students by individuals: and Punjab, that Social Service is growing out of the All-India Educational Conference to which members belong.

In Calcutta our Federation lately raised Rs. 3,000 to supply Women Undergraduates' Hostels with books.

Our latest effort in Calcutta is the Social Service League to train women as welfare workers in preparation for a salaried Service of Welfare Workers, which will carry medical, educational and other aid to the villages. We have also started a Fund to help students with passages to England.

Lectures and Discussions.—All Branches report lectures and discussions. In Calcutta, we have had a Symposium on International Friendship: a lecture last July from the Inspector-General of Industries on Women's Labour in Mines, Mills, and Tea Gardens, followed by a lecture on the Trades' Union Act, given by the Advocate-General of Bengal. We have also had two series of lectures in connection with a Study Group on the Juvenile Court, Delinquency, and Mental Hygiene. The Bengal Educational League owes its origin to the Calcutta Branch of the Federation, and its present efficient management to two members of the A.B.U.W.I. The National Council of Women was organized for all India by a member of the Federation, and the latest piece of Social Service Work in Calcutta has a like origin.

On the whole, therefore, we have a good account to give of ourselves. But we are conscious of lacking in corporate enthusiasm and are hoping to tackle this defect forthwith in Calcutta, by reforming our battalions. The larger problem of coherence among the Provinces—All-India fusion—cannot really be dealt with except by a travelling Secretary. But I feel that it would be misleading to dismiss the matter with this implied excuse. There is much that can be done on paper, if only one could succeed in lighting the torches in outlying Provincial Units.

I believe that the F.U.W.I. has peculiar possibilities both of service in this country, and of friendship—overseas—conquering time and distance and differences in the peculiar tie, which binds, as do few other "bonds" of human inter-relationship.

C. S.

FRIENDLY CHATS

English Women and Indian Women

WHAT do English women think of Indian women? The question is a fairly easy one to answer. Let us take it in two sections. First, how does the woman in England regard the woman in India? I think the measure of her ignorance is sometimes appalling. I have had the pleasure of living in England for some years, and I must affirm that I got tired of the question, "How do you manage to talk English?

Where did you learn it?" Do all English people not know that India is governed by England and that English is the chief language of Indian education? Then, there is the constant exclamation, "What beautiful jewels you have and what pretty clothes you wear! You are lucky indeed to be able to wear them always, while we can don them only at evenings." We do not disparage the admiration; we rather like it. But, we do object to the obvious aspersion that it is lack of hard work which enables us to be generally richly dressed. It is quite true that Indian women are not accustomed to work in offices and public circles, like English women; but what about the work at home? It is as strenuous as, if not more than, the domestic work of the English home. Sometimes, the Indian housewife has so much to do, especially as she does not care to entrust the care of her children and much of the delicate cookery to servants, that she has no time to show her head out of her home for days together. I was much annoyed in this connection by a Dutch lady, who insisted on affirming that the Indian woman generally sits idle, indulging in gossip and idle talk. I denied the accusation vehemently, though I did agree that the *leisure*, not the working time, of the Indian woman is usually spent in apparent inactivity, while the English woman always finds something to do then, gardening or house-cleaning, or mending, or fancy needlework.

To some English people in England, India is a land of mystery, fascinating it may be, but still something to be feared, a country of tigers, snakes, wild men, cursing priests, inevitable fate and dreaded religious rites. The Indian woman to them is no doubt a romantic figure, but beneath all her charm, she is ignorant and uneducated, rather inefficient, very superstitious, and perhaps not quite clean; an obvious misconception, which is more or less due to misunderstanding of relative standards of life.

Then, there is the idea that the Indian woman is not treated well by her husband. No doubt, such a belief is true in many ways, but it is fostered and carried too far by the Miss Mayos and the begging propagandists of the world. I once heard a lecture in a school in England, in which English girls were asked to pity their Indian sisters, because their brothers were never chivalrous and gallant to them, as their own were. How many English brothers, I wondered, cared to go out with their sisters, when they had the chance of escorting other women!

There is also the idea that the Indian woman is too subservient to her husband, which is true in many ways.

Secondly, how does the English woman in India regard her Indian sister? Let me be quite fair here and say that, when the Indian woman conforms to English ways, there is no one, who likes her so much as her

English friend. The Anglicised Indian,—Anglicised, not in dress, but in the English virtues and the English manner, is welcomed everywhere, in clubs, in offices, in schools and in society. And, after all, who can find fault with such a standard of judgment? The proverb says to the foreigner, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do." But, it is just as easy to reverse the dictu n and advise, "When you are in Rome, teach your own standard to the Romans." This no doubt is friendship in a way, but is it true friendship?

If Indians keep to their own ways, there are naturally strictures. I have heard English ladies affirming that Indian women have no 'go' in them, little order or method, and very little energy and persistence; and they are right too in a way. I have also heard the Indian lady characterised as too heavy, too little inclined for exercise, and therefore too much inclined to adipose tissue.

What indeed does the English woman, who comes to India, know about India? She accompanies her husband, in more cases than one, to look after him and be a companion to him. What does she care about the women of India, except perhaps to pity them from her own lofty standard? She is but 'A bird of passage', 'A ship that passes in the night', and why should she worry about anything but amusing herself, especially when she, more often than not, feels that she has sacrificed children and country for the sake of duty?

I do not blame such people much, but I do admire the woman who truly mixes with those, among whom she has come to live. I know of a few such, who are doing real social service, with no thought of gain or fame. Such women are like stars in a dark sky, like flowers in a desert, and an immense power for good lies in their hands. Such people do not gush, or wear a constant grin, or try to show their comradeship by wearing Indian saris as a great treat, or by seeming to prefer Indian habits of food and service to their own. On the other hand, they may appear more strict and reserved than some others. But, their inner depth of sympathy cannot be mistaken. It is there in existence, and it can be depended upon. There is no thought of patronage or superiority in it, and so there is no need for Indian sensitiveness to refute it with snail-like stand-offishness.

It is such people, who, when once they have been in India, like to stay in India. They have heard the East a-calling, and they will always hear it; for they know that India is a great land, and that her people are a great people, well-worth devoted service and unselfish friendship, and greatly responsive to opportunities for improvement.

"AMICUS."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. Malati has an Idea

MALATI and Madhavi were spending the summer holidays with their mother and father at a little sea-side village. They were staying in a small house, in the midst of a shady Casuarina grove. In front of the house, the sea stretched like a blue glassy mirror, and day and night, the foaming waves broke against the sandy shore. On one side of the house ran a broad, palm-fringed back-water, which joined the sea about a furlong away. It was altogether a very beautiful place, and Malati and Madhavi were having a delightful holiday, bathing, fishing, boating, and romping about in the shady grove around their house. They had a little cousin staying with them. His name was Govind, and he was ten years old. You will remember in the last story I told you about Malati and Madhavi, that the former was eight, and the latter seven. Govind was a mischievous boy, and was always getting into trouble for doing things he ought not to do. He loved his cousins a great deal, although perhaps, he despised them just a little bit, for being girls, and not boys.

One night, about a week after they had come to the sea-side, Malati had an idea. It was about seven o'clock in the evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Sarma, the girl's parents, had gone out to see some friends, and had not returned as yet. The three children had been fishing the whole evening with little bamboo rods, and they had returned home with about a dozen small silver fish. It was time now for them to go to bed, and they knew that their Ayah would soon come to fetch them. They did not feel in the least little bit sleepy, and they hated the idea of going to bed so soon. The moon was shining outside, and far away, on the gleaming surface of the broad back-water, a thousand sun-beams danced and capered. Malati looked at them wistfully. Oh! how lovely it would be to be out there, amidst those dancing gems, on the water. She remembered that night-adventure she had had with the fairies and suddenly a thought struck her. Why not go out in that boat which was tied to the bank, and see if there were any fairies dancing amidst the moon-beams? It would not take them long to have the boat out, and they could just manage to escape before Ayah came for them. They had seen the boatman row the boat so easily, and they would be back in ten minutes at the latest.

Malati suggested her plan to Madhavi and Govind. Madhavi at once agreed. "Yes," she said, "I am longing to see those fairy friends of yours. I believe in them, after the story you told me; but I have never seen any yet."

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"I don't believe in your silly fairies," said Govind, "but I would love to take you out in the boat all by myself. So, let's go soon."

They ran down to the water's edge, and hurriedly undid the rope, which held the boat in place. Then, before any of the servants could see them, they were away in the middle of the stream. Oh, how lovely it was! The boat went on and on, and Govind, plying the oar with difficulty, proudly looked at his two companions. Alas, "pride always goes before a fall!" He thought it was he who was making the boat go so fast; but he was quite mistaken. His rowing had no power whatever. It was the rapid current, which was taking them along to the sea—the sea that was always there, ever roaring and crying for victims.

For a little while, the children were happy, looking among the moon-beams for fairies. Then, seeing that they could not find any, Malati said;—"I don't think the fairies are out tonight. Let's go home, because Ayah will be looking for us. Turn the boat round, Govind."

Govind twisted round, and tried to row back. What was his surprise when the boat would take no notice of him, but continued gaily on its way to the sea.

"Hullo," said he, "I can't row at all. The oar won't go into the water."

And then, suddenly, he realised that the current was taking them to the sea Yes, there, in front of them, they could see the fierce heaving ocean. Malati also looked round at that time, and seeing the sea so close to them, terror seized her, and she screamed to Govind to take them back.

"I can't," he said, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself, "I'm not strong enough to row."

"Oh, save us, save us," shrieked Madhavi, "We're going to be drowned, we're going to be drowned."

"I know what I shall do," said Govind. "I'll get into the water and pull the boat back." He took off his coat, and clinging to one side of the boat, let himself into the water gently. What was his surprise, when he found that he could not reach the bottom.

"Oh, I say," he cried, "I can't reach the ground. It's too deep here."

"Govind, do be careful," screamed Malati. "Get in at once. You'll be drowned."

With the greatest difficulty, and the help of the two girls, he managed to scramble into the boat again, dripping wet, and shivering with fear and cold.

"What shall we do?" Asked Malati.

"Oh, the sea, the sea! It's coming nearer and nearer. We are going to be drowned. Save us, save us," moaned Madhavi.

But just then, when the panic-stricken children gazed at the fast-approaching ocean, they heard a voice on the bank. "Keep quite still," it cried, "and don't do anything. I am sending a boat with boatmen to bring you back."

They turned round, and saw Mr. Sarma, standing on the shore with a lantern and a stick in his hand. They sat together, huddled and miserable, their fear of being drowned in the sea now giving place to terror at the punishment which was waiting for them on the shore.

Soon, they saw a boat approaching rapidly towards them, and in the silence of the moon-lit night, the boatmen came alongside them, and pulled their boat to the bank where their father was standing, waiting for them with his stick.

Madhavi was now crying silently, the tears racing down her pale cheeks. Govind tried to look brave, but, every now and then, an involuntary shudder betrayed his dread of what was in store for them. Malati wrung her hands in despair, for this mad adventure had all been her idea.

At last, the boat reached the shore, and Mr. Sarma came forward slowly, anger clouding his noble face. Far away, the children could see Mrs. Sarma looking pathetically at them. "How dare you—", began Mr. Sarma; but before he could say anything more Malati ran forward to him, and said, "Oh, father, don't get angry with Govind and Madhavi. Don't beat them. It was all my fault. It was *I* who took them out." And suddenly, as if by magic, the anger melted out of Mr. Sarma's eyes, and he took his little girl in his arms, and kissed her.

"All right, my girl. You are a little heroine to take all the blame on yourself. I won't beat any of you. But, you were all very naughty to go out like that. You must never do so again. You would have all been drowned, if we had not come just in time to find Ayah searching for you. And why was Govind so foolish as to get into the water? He might have upset the whole boat. Thank God you are all safe. As a punishment, none of you will be given any pocket-money this month. Now, go to your mother. She has had a terrible fright."

The children shamefacedly trooped into the house. And, that night, just before falling asleep, Govind and Madhavi whispered their thanks to Malati.

"You were a brick, Malu, to have taken all the blame on yourself," said Govind.

"I would never have done it," said Madhavi, and with a little sigh of relief, Malati fell asleep.

PUNKAJAM.

2. Our Letter to Our Young People

DEAR CHILDREN,

I wonder if any of you have realised how important sign language is. Often, sounds betray a person, while signs convey a meaning without betrayal. I shall tell you a tiny story about a lady and a burglar. It seems, a lady went into her bedroom one night, and found a burglar hiding there. He threatened to kill her if she made any sound. She did not know what to do, and when her husband came into the room, she could not think how she could tell him that there was a burglar hidden there. Suddenly, she thought of making silent signs to him, and he understood, and softly left the room, and came back with the police.

I have been reading a book, which tells us a little about sign language. "Policemen, firemen, railway men and others," it says, "use signs because there is too much noise to be heard. School children use signs, because they are not allowed to talk in school," and of course, you will know the importance of signs, when you realise that dumb people talk by signs alone. Also, ships make signs to each other, and there are regular sign languages worked out, such as the Semaphore, the Morse, etc.

Animals also have certain signs which have certain meanings. The book says that, "among animals, horses bob their heads when they are hungry, and paw with a front foot when thirsty, or eager to be off. Dogs wag their tails when pleased, and cows shake their heads when angry."

Also, we know that horses put their ears back when they are angry, and the hair on a dog's back rises for the same reason.

I am sure there are many other signs which you have noticed, which I have not mentioned here.

Besides signs, I am sure animals speak their own language to each other. Here is an interesting interpretation of hen language which I read in the same book I mentioned before.

It says that hens talk to each other, but they have less words than we have. In fact, they have only a few words in their ordinary language.

When the mother hen says, *Cluck, cluck*, it means, "Come along, kiddies."

When she sees a kite, she usually gives a low *kauk* of warning.

When she says *chuck, chuck*, it means she has found good food.

When she says *tuk-ut-e-ah-tuk*, it means, "bless my soul, what is that?"

When she says, *cut, cut, get your hair cut*, it means she has just laid an egg.

When she utters the soft, long, drawn *tawk, tawk, tawk*, it means that she is quite free, and is neither frightened nor annoyed.

When she says *crauk, crauk* in a long harsh tone, she is afraid of being caught.

She says *clack, clack, clatter*, when she springs up for fear of being captured.

When she say *put, put*, she is hungry.

Perhaps, if any of you have poultry, you can try and understand what the mother hen is saying.

Goodbye.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE—COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XV.—SORE-EYES

THIS is an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the eye characterised by redness, and abnormal secretion. Apart from mechanical irritation (say dust or smoke) the inflammation is almost always caused by micro-organisms gaining access to the eye, or, in some cases by the sudden development, under favourable conditions of those germs which had been already present in a latent condition. Sporadic cases are very common, but the disease frequently spreads through the members of a household, or occurs as an epidemic, the infection taking place by the direct or indirect transference of the secretion of the eye from person to person. The common mode of spreading is through towels and handkerchiefs and dust and flies, which are particularly abundant during the sore eyes season (June to October). Apart from the infection above referred to, dust, squalor, and poverty are contributing causes.

Symptoms.—The affection usually commences with heat and smarting of the eye, which will rapidly get worse, and the child will be seen unable to open the eyes as usual, tears will flow copiously and the child may cry with pain. Redness of the eye will follow and a discharge, at first watery, but subsequently semi-thick and yellowish will cause the lids to adhere during sleep. Most cases, if properly treated or if the infection is a mild one, will not go beyond this stage. But if the case becomes worse the eyelids swell enormously, there is intolerance to light and the child will be upon its bed with its face dug into the pillow. It refuses to open the eyes and it may also suffer from

fever in proportion to the inflammation. The symptoms are worse at night or by artificial light and are much less troublesome when the eyes are exposed to the open air.

The prognosis of this condition is generally good, the eye being restored to health in about a week, but it is likely to recur if the eye is not protected from further re-infection and irritation. Ordinary warm baths do not do any harm, but the oil baths aggravate the condition. A meat diet in the child retards recovery.

Treatment.—In all cases of sore eyes, the most scrupulous cleanliness is of the utmost importance, and patients big and small should be warned of the danger of infecting other persons. The eyes should be washed frequently at the onset, as often as the eyes get dirty, with a warm boric lotion (Acid boric 10 grains, water 1 oz.) or warm milk and water. Should the eyelids adhere, no violent attempts should be made to separate them, but with the utmost patience, they should be bathed with the wash, till they open of their own accord. Under no circumstances, should the eyes be left unopened. The cotton used for the washing and wiping should be carefully disposed of. The child should be encouraged to move about in the open air as long as possible, if the intolerance to light is not too great, the eyes being protected by a green shade. Too much of sunshine is bad. The bed-room should be thoroughly ventilated, a hot closed room will certainly aggravate the disease. The diet should be liberal, avoiding those things which necessitate much of mastication. Bowels should be kept open. This line of treatment alone will in mild cases bring about a cure. But, in a majority of cases some form of eyedrops is necessary, a solution of silver nitrate, five to ten grains to one ounce of distilled water, being the best. It must be kept in a dark stoppered bottle, and should be applied only once in 24 hours. Soon after the application of this medicine, the eye may be washed with some clean water in which common salt is dissolved. Its chief draw-back is the pain following its application. Argyrol is a painless remedy, but it should be used in 25 per cent strength to be of any use. It can be used twice a day. The famous Z A B. drops (Zinc sulphas 2 grains, alum 4 grains, and boric acid 8 grains, in 1 oz. of distilled water) will be found satisfactory in mild infections. They are not very painful and can be used any number of times. At bed time, a weak boric ointment, or clean Vaseline, or the Golden ointment should be applied along the margin of the lids, to prevent gumming of the lids and consequent retention of discharges.

In case white spots appear in the black of the eye, an eye physician should be immediately consulted.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

IT has often been said, and I know I have said it myself, that the Indian woman really does not follow Fashion, as does the Western woman. But, it seems to me that it is necessary to limit this statement, and in the following way. The Indian lady is not indeed a fashion-hunter, waiting on the whims of dame Fashion, and aimlessly following her arbitrary dictates, even though they may be distasteful to her, and even though they may be very different to what they were a short time before. But, this does not mean that she need always dress in the same way. No indeed. On the other hand, there are varieties she can choose from. The sari is there always, but there are different methods of putting it on, as practised in different parts of India. Moreover, the Indian lady can sometimes improvise new methods of draping, though fanciful and bizarre arrangements are not advisable in this matter.

The South Indian lady drapes the sari about twice round her, but the second fold hides most of the first, and the end is brought under the right arm and over the left shoulder, and either left hanging. or fastened at the right side, or brought round to the front and fastened over the girdle at the right side, or draped over the right shoulder; or, in the case of those who like to cover their heads, brought over the head and left hanging. A variation of this is adopted by Indian Christian ladies, who twist the saris sometimes three times round them, each twist shewing like a fringe above the other. The effect no doubt is graceful, but only on slim figures, and even with them is apt to be too tight and narrow and unserviceable for free movements, something like the old-fashioned hobble-skirts of the West.

Time was when gold and silver and jewelled girdles used to be worn over the sari, but now they are going out of fashion. No doubt their absence does give a more flowing effect, but there are some who prefer the old method. I remember an old English lady, who, during her second visit to India after an interval of some years, looked sorrowfully and in vain for the old dainty figures, as she called them, of sylphlike girls dressed in rich colours with gold belts outlining their slender waists.

Some Hindu women, especially Brahmins, have a peculiar way, of fastening the sari at the back, which looks in front as usual, but gives the effect behind of loose trousers.

The Mysore woman arranges her sari in very full folds, so that the cloth flows out in front like an unfolded fan. No doubt, this looks very pretty, especially with deep gold borders, but it is apt to be rather in the way of free walking and exercise. The usual Hindu method is not to fold in the sari at all at the back, so that the drapery

pulls rather tightly over the form ; but I think that in full and tall figures it will be better to have just a few folds, which will give rather a graceful result.

I think one of the most graceful methods of wearing the sari is the Parsi way. The draping is begun in the opposite direction to that of South India, so that the end, though still brought over the left shoulder, comes now in front, one point of it being taken under the loose cross fold at the back, which comes over the head, and tucked in at the waist behind, over a delicate lace blouse, which hangs over the skirt.

This vogue of bringing the sari to the front, is in vogue beyond South India, among the Bengalis and Gujeratis for instance, though sometimes the effect of the skirt-draping is heavier than among the Parsis.

In South India, there are other variations. The Coorg lady has the method of taking the end of the sari under the left arm, and fastening its edge over the right shoulder to the fold across the bosom. On her head she wears silk or cloth of sometimes the same colour as the sari, fastening it at the back with a piece of ribbon or tape.

The Syrian Christian lady has quite a different method, arranging a piece in a sort of small fan at the back of the waist after draping the sari round her,—the whole *ensemble* being almost always in white, which gives a very delicately pretty result. The people of the West Coast, in any case, dress usually in white or in very pale colours, which they have the gift of arranging very harmoniously together.

The Travancore sari is sometimes fixed under the shoulders over the bosom, another cloth being arranged skirt-wise.

The Mohammedan method appears a little careless, not much attention being paid to the sari, but more to the full trouser-like skirt, the delicate embroidered tunics and the *chic* waist-coats.

There are other methods of draping the sari, but I think there is no room for more descriptions now. Perhaps, I can take up the tale again another time.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN

(Selected)

Date Bars

2 cups dates seeded and chopped fine	¾ cup honey
½ cup nut meats cut fine	½ cup flour
2 eggs beaten light	1 teaspoon baking powder
	½ cup cream

Mix dates and nuts together—add beaten eggs, honey, and flour sifted with baking powder. Mix well and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven. Cut in squares or oblongs while still warm. Serve with powdered sugar, or as a dessert with whipped cream.

Sandwich Suggestions

For the children use one-day-old white bread, or whole wheat bread, or brown bread. Soften the butter, so it will spread easily. Lamb, chicken or cooked liver makes an excellent filling. Mince to a paste.

Good combinations to be mixed with boiled dressing or cream are, minced chicken and spinach; minced cooked liver and grated raw carrot; minced lamb and cooked pea pulp; cream cheese, chopped celery and nuts for older children; raisins and nuts chopped together; chopped hard-boiled egg and shredded lettuce.—*From "Children," The American Magazine for Parents.*

Carrot Salad

Put two carrots through a meat-chopper. Mix with four tablespoonfuls of orange juice and a few pieces of shredded pineapple and a tablespoonful of soaked seedless raisins. Serve on lettuce leaves with whipped cream on top.—*From "East West"*.

Peanut Taffy

This candy is very popular. The materials needed are two cups (one pound) of sugar and a quart of peanuts. Shell the peanuts, remove the brown skins, and chop. Sprinkle with a quarter teaspoon of salt. Put the sugar into a perfectly smooth granite pan, and place it on the range over a moderate fire, stirring constantly until the sugar is melted. Remove from the fire, add the peanuts, and pour into buttered tins. You must be quick, for, if not removed right away, the sugar will caramelize, which means it will turn dark brown or almost black.

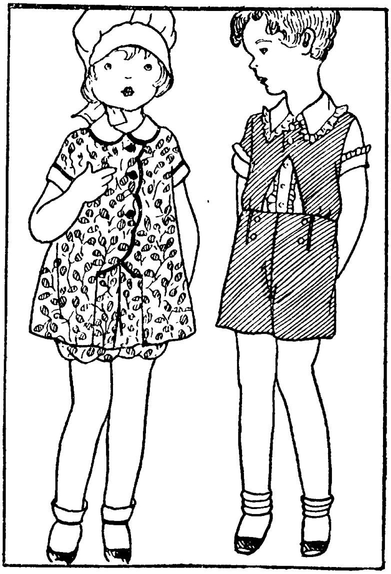
In place of the peanuts, one cup of halved walnuts or one cup of cocoanut or crisp puffed rice may be added.

If you wish to make this candy in larger quantities, here is a rule to remember about the proportions. Measure the chopped nuts, and use just the same quantity of granulated sugar as you have peanuts. Cut into squares before it cools.—*From "The Treasure Chest."*

Butter-Scotch

Beat two cups of granulated sugar, two tablespoons of butter, and two tablespoons of water, all together in a saucepan, and cook without stirring. In fifteen minutes try a little bit of the mixture in cold water. Mark into squares when cool.—*From "The Treasure Chest."*

OUR NEEDLEWORK COLUMN



All washable frocks should have matching bloomers. Even for the twelve year-old girl a bloomer dress is modest and dainty. Front pleats in the skirt of a sleeveless frock for a young person of four are held in place by bias bindings. The scalloped front closing and the white lawn collar and cuffs are bound in the same manner.

The very small boy wears a linen suit with a fine handkerchief linen blouse. The high-placed button of the overblouse is a new feature. The trousers are pleated in front and smartly buttoned.—*From 'Children,' The American Magazine for Parents.*

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Age of Consent Law

The Report of the Age of Consent Committee recommends:

"1. That the Age of Consent within the marital relation be raised to 15 years; 2. that the intercourse by a husband with his wife below 15 years of age be made an offence, and that the said offence be included in Chapter XX of the Indian Penal Code dealing with offences relating to marriage; 3. that the Age of Consent for the protection of a girl against rape by a person who is not her husband be raised to 18 years; 4, that, in order to deal most effectively with the

evil of early marriage and early consummation, a law be enacted fixing the minimum age of marriage of girls at 14 years; 5. that, subject to any provision of the personal law for the time being in force, the validity of a marriage performed in contravention of the marriage law be left unaffected; 6. and that the law be amended, so that a suit by a husband for the custody of a wife or for restitution of conjugal rights shall not lie where the girl is below 15 years."

Now, these reforms, we know, are being protested against by certain sections of Indians; but the fact remains that several Indian women, especially educated ladies, are greatly in favour of them. One is glad to note that the condition in Madras with regard to this question can be very favourably compared with the condition in other provinces. As the Report says:

"Madras is one of the provinces where the custom of early marriage is least prevalent, a fact which may cause considerable surprise to those who have been impressed with the volume of opposition proceeding from that province. According to the census of 1921, 24½ per cent of Hindu girls between the ages of 10 and 15 were married, a proportion which compares very favourably with the 64 per cent of Bombay, 62.4 per cent of Bengal, 59.6 per cent of the Central Provinces and Berar, 53½ per cent of the United Provinces, 52¾ per cent of Bihar, and 35.5 per cent of the Punjab. Assam shows a slightly higher percentage (27 per cent), and the North-west Frontier Province is the only province which shows a lower percentage (19 per cent). Among the Muslims, the same fact arrests the attention, the proportion being 12 per cent, practically the same as that of the North-west Frontier Province, the two Provinces with the lowest percentages in this respect. The non-existence of large classes practising early marriages and the influence of very large communities, who practise late marriages, appear to have restored the Muslims of Madras to the normal habit of the community of late marriages which exists in the Frontier Province."

Such a state of things makes one seriously doubt whether legislation is the correct remedy after all in a delicate matter like this, where the relations to be affected are some of the most personal and intimate among human beings, and where the customs to be changed are among the most hallowed and least-to-be-touched religious obligations. Legislation in such matters should only be for the reform of proved evils. And, as the Report itself observes, the age of marriage is really and gradually being raised of itself, owing to the good sense of the communities concerned. Moreover, there is no doubt that the proposed alteration will lead to difficulties which will need a good deal of circumspection to surmount. Yet, "the figures show that the pace of progress in the increase of the marriage age has been so slow since 1891 that the objective is not

likely to be reached even within half a century. While, therefore, it may be argued that legislation is unnecessary when natural causes are already working towards the achievement of the desired result, it may with greater propriety be contended that legislation is a very effective means of accelerating progress towards the objective, and should, therefore, be resorted to. As a matter of fact, though the marriage age has advanced beyond 8 and 10 to 12 and 13, the age of consummation and maternity is practically where it was." For our part, we cannot quite agree with the resolution moved lately by Mrs. Lakshmipathi :

("This meeting of the citizens of Madras accords its whole-hearted support to Rai Saheb Harbilas Sarda's Child Marriage Prevention Bill, as amended by the Select Committee and urges the members of the Legislative Assembly to accord their unreserved support for the same." There are, we think, certain clauses to be altered in the recommendations ; for instance, the different ages advocated in the different clauses will probably lead to endless complications ; and, therefore, it will be better to fix one age for everything, something between 14 and 16. Apart from such alterations, however, there is no doubt that the early age of marriage in India is one of the most potent causes of weakness, stagnation, and non-advancement of our people, and that, therefore, some remedy must speedily be found to undermine its power for evil.)

We earnestly hope, therefore, that even our orthodox Indians will come to see that the proposed legislation is for our real good. Very often, in India, public opinion quickly follows legislation. Indeed, we are sure that, sooner or later, forgetting their sense of resentment that some of their most ancient customs are being interfered with, in their larger sentiments of patriotism and love of country, our people will themselves very soon learn to be in the forefront of the advance of the reform advocated.

OUR HEALTH NOTES

(Selected)

The Soya Bean as an Article of Diet

As under-nutrition is the chief cause of lowered resistance and physical deficiency in India, especially among the poor who cannot afford to buy meat and milk in sufficient quantity, the introduction of soya bean liberally in their diet would be a boon to the community, says Dr. A. Mallannah, in the course of an article in the *Indian Medical Gazette.*

Among Hindus especially, vegetarians who do not use meat on account of religion, the introduction of soya bean in place of lentils has great advantages. As lentils are hard to digest, they cannot be taken in sufficient large quantity. Secondly, the protein found in lentils is not completely assimilable as in milk, so a part of it undergoes putrefaction. Thirdly, lentils contain purin bodies, though less than in meat, and are hence objectionable. Lastly, lentils contain

much starch, whereas soya bean contains none, hence soya bean is more suitable than lentils to go with a rice diet, which is nearly all starch.

In a hot country like India one needs less food, particularly less meat, and among the well-to-do, who take a large amount of meat, the introduction of soya bean to replace a part of meat would diminish the ill effects of too much meat and thus help them to lessen the intake of meat. So both vegetarian and meat diets can be improved immensely by the introduction of soya bean, partly by taking the place of the inadequate supply of milk and partly by replacing meat without producing disadvantages of both. The ideal diet is a mixed diet containing milk and its products, fish, eggs, cereals, including whole wheat bread, nuts, a liberal amount of green vegetables, including soya bean, fruits and a minimum amount of meat.

Lastly, soya been, being rich in potash, lime and vitamins, is well suited for encouraging growth and maintaining the tissues in a state of health. A diet lacking in potash causes baldness and obesity, and a diet lacking in lime causes decay of the teeth. Soya bean, besides being a hard and solid food containing cellulose, requires chewing. This exercises the jaws and thus improves the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth and insures the flow of saliva and gastric juice. This bulky food not only satisfies hunger, but helps to regulate the bowels, whereas concentrated food causes constipation. It should be emphasised, as it is not generally recognised, that, even if enough food is ingested, under-nutrition may occur if the food is not sufficiently varied. Organs and tissues require for the proper performance of their functions not only protein, starches and fats, but also vitamins and certain nutrient salts; for example, the thyroid requires iodine, the ovary and blood iron, the heart and teeth lime, the brain phosphorus, the bones lime and phosphorus, the hair sulphur, and the skin silicates. Hence a diet containing deficiency of vitamins and salts, by causing endocrine deficiency, may predispose tissues to the chronic infections so commonly observed among the people of India.—*The Health.*

Pure Honey 'Sub' for Sugar

I am continually getting letters asking what kind of sweet to use, after the white, refined sugar is discarded from the house.

No doubt but that pure honey is the very best concentrated sweet known.

Honey differs according to the flower the bees nectar from, as well as from the state of "ripeness" of the honey before it is taken from the hive.

No two gatherings of honey will be the same—there is always more or less difference, though the "purity" of the honey will be the same and its healthfulness uniform.

The comb of honey is bad for the stomach. That is why I think "extracted," or "strained" honey is the better. There is only a slight chance that "extracted" honey is adulterated.

Remember that honey diluted with boiled, or distilled, water, is excellent to give to a child or adult when suffering with fever.

Honey and lemon juice, half and half, makes a very soothing "medicine" to take for sore throat or hoarseness.

Honey mixed with borax, about half and half, is one of the best remedies for sore mouth, or "canker sores." The mixture should be taken into the

mouth and worked about in the mouth and held there a few minutes before spitting it out.

Honey is the best sweetener for almost any form of baby food. I think it far better than milk sugar, which is always denatured.

Honey and raw spinach juice, or raw cabbage juice, a few teaspoonfuls every day, is ideal for the baby.—*The Health.*

Fasting Cure for Many Ills

Whilst fasting is undoubtedly the simplest, safest and most natural method of reducing weight, it must not be supposed that the benefits of this discipline are limited to the cure of obesity, says a medical correspondent in a London paper.

Many years ago an American physician, Dr. Frederick M. Allen, of the Rockfeller Institute Hospital, advocated fasting in the treatment of diabetes, and until the discovery of Insulin, Allen's methods were regarded as highly satisfactory.

So satisfactory, indeed, had fasting proved to be in the case of diabetes that other physicians in other countries applied it to the treatment of other diseases, most of the chronic variety.

These effects were attended by so much success that institutions sprang up where the fasting cure was practised as a routine measure in almost every conceivable departure from health.

Inasmuch as most chronic ailments are due either to over-eating or to the eating of wrong things in the wrong way, and, inasmuch as, fasting can quite easily be combined with other harmless methods, such as baths, massage, sunbaths, and the measures which are in use at health resorts, these institutions have had a very considerable success.—*The Health.*

"Cooking"

By cooking is meant preparation of food by mixing it with various condiments and boiling. By this means food is made tasteful, pleasing to the eyes, flavourous and easily digestible. Many microbes present (normally or mixed accidentally) in the food-stuffs are destroyed by boiling.

It is a decided fact that good smell of food stimulates all digestive glands (salivary, gastric, etc.) the secretion of which is necessary for digestion of food. That the good smell of food causes secretion of saliva is experienced by all. If the food article is nasty and not at all congenial, the appetite seems to become dull. Even the hungry person cannot take the desired amount of food if the dishes are not tasteful and flavourous as well as delicious. Whereas on the other hand, a well-cooked food with good flavour induces a person who is not at all hungry to take a bit at least. A man prefers to masticate a good dish for a time, whereas he likes to bolt, as it were, a badly prepared food, if at all he is to take this particular article of food.

A food to be well-digested requires good mastication, a food to be well-masticated requires to be well cooked, and a food-stuff to be well cooked, and flavoured requires mixing with condiments and so on. In this way, with the progress of civilization and gradual intellectual development, the present stage of preparation of food has been reached from the raw stage of food-stuffs.

Many articles of food are so hard that they remain invulnerable to the various secretions necessary for digestion, so, for the digestive process to go all right, they must be boiled for making them soft. Unless and until the articles of food are soft, proper mastication is not possible, and, without masticatory grinding of food, saliva cannot be well mixed with food, so it (saliva) cannot serve its functions, and there is every possibility of indigestion occurring.

The digestion of some articles of food, *e.g.*, meat, eggs, etc., is made difficult by boiling, yet on seeing many other advantages of boiling they are boiled and cooked as other food-stuffs.

At the present age, too, there is a touring uncivilized nation (most probably a hill tribe) which travels from district to district on foot with Government passport. These people kill jackals and other animals, and without flaying them, burn the skin and eat the raw meat of the burnt animals. They do not boil meat with various condiments as in the modern civilized method of cooking.

In cooking, many condiments are used. They are stomachic, carminative, antiseptic, deodorant, disinfectant and flavouring. At present, people have a tendency to over-season food-stuffs—this is rather an abuse, and hence should be guarded against.—*The Health.*

Society's Health Hints

How to keep healthy—and health is half way along the path to beauty—is a topic of the most vital importance to women. Here is how some society women maintain their fitness. Or, so, at last, they have told me.

Lady Mendl: Swears by Swedish exercises every morning. Eats little meat and practically no starchy foods.

Lady Cunard: Eats plenty of fruit. Avoids tea and coffee. Takes no breakfast.

Princess Troubetsky: No special diet or exercises. Takes things as they come—and smiles.

Worry-barred Miss Tallulah Bankead (the actress): Nothing affects her health except worry. So she avoids it.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence (the revue star): Makes work a hobby, swims, plays tennis and golf. Compensates for late nights by two hours in bed between tea and dinner.

Mrs. Wilfred Ashley (wife of late Minister of Transport): Takes neither meat nor wine.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes (explorer and writer): Has a cold bath every morning, drinks plenty of water between meals and takes lots of hard exercise.

"First thing in the morning and last thing at night I do exercises," said Lady Teynham who, although past fifty, enjoys health and beauty. "This is an ideal way of keeping fit."

A lady doctor told me that she never uses powder, grease, cream or rouge. These things, she says, not only do positive injury to the skin. They are bad for the health which depends upon air reaching the pores of the skin.

And here are some more pieces of advice given to me.

"What has kept me fit, healthy, and young is my weekly bath in sea water" said one lady friend. "Sea water contains a great deal of iodone,—a vital food for the body."

"I eat very little meat and heavy food, and never eat meat twice a day," said Miss Gladys Cooper to me once. While, on the other hand, according to Lady Kitty Vincent, the whole root of the matter of health in middle age is not diet at all, but exercise. "Go for a walk before breakfast or after it, if you can't manage that. It does not matter when. The main thing is it should be regular and should be as quick and brisk as possible.—*The Madras Mail.*

Too Much Sun

WARNING AGAINST SKIN DISEASE

A theory that the low relative humidity of the atmosphere and much sunshine are causes of the great prevalence of skin cancer in Australia is discussed by Dr. Herman Lawrence, honorary consulting Dermatologist at St. Vincents and Queen Victoria Hospitals, in an article in the current bulletin of the Victorian Health Department, says a Melbourne message. Dr. Lawrence states that a great number of persons have the power of acquiring pigmentation of the skin as a self-protection against the irritating effects of the solar rays and it was said that Australians were gradually becoming a dark-skinned people. The statement, however, was not scientifically correct. The advisability of allowing persons with non-pigmenting skins to enter Australia and work in inland areas was open to question.

The article continues: "The present-day exigencies of society for ladies, partial nudity and the shingle are already reaping a toll in the form of solar ray blemishes; and actual precancerous conditions are developed in some cases. A fashion of dress obtaining in Europe and suitable to the climate there is by no means advisable for adoption in Australia. As regards the shingle and closely-fitting cloth hats, conditions annulling the functions of the hair will show in future that baldness is not only for men. Pityriasis capitis, a precursor of baldness, is becoming much more prevalent in the female scalp. The common use of hair brushes at clubs and business places favours the spread of baldness. Persons, who sunburn badly and especially those who are developing the skin irritation known as keratoses solares, should take a lesson from X-ray workers, and, as in their case, prevent as well as they can any unnecessary exposure of the affected skin to the rays."—*The Madras Mail.*

Chinese Health Rules

Dr. Johnson maintains that the Taoists held that prolongation of the physical life, with immortality as the ultimate goal, might be attained through a comprehensive regime of mental and physical exercises, which included proper breathing, physical gymnastics and mental training.

Two features of the process were particularly important, deep breathing and holding the breath, Dr. Johnson points out. According to old writings, "the pure men of old slept without dreams and waked without anxiety. They ate

with discrimination, breathing deep breaths. For pure men draw breath from their uttermost depths, the vulgar only from their throats."

The positions of exercise, conveniently numbered by the radio exerciser of to-day, were designated more uniquely by the Chinese. One writer said: "I have an art called the sport of five animals, namely, a tiger, a stag, a bear, a monkey and a bird—by which illness can be cured. Whenever you feel unwell, stand up and imitate the movements of one of these animals; when you feel more comfortable and in a perspiration, put rice powder over your body and you will feel quite nimble and well, and have appetite."

According to Chuang Tzu, philosopher, as quoted by Dr. Johnson, "Blowing and gasping, singing and breathing, expelling the old breath and taking a new; passing time like the dormant bear and stretching and twisting the neck like a bird—all this merely shows the desire for longevity. This is what the doctors, who inhale, and the men, who nourish their bodies in order to live as long as P'eng Tsu, are fond of doing."

P'eng Tsu was the Chinese Methuselah, and lived during the second millennium before Christ. He is said to have attained an age of 800 years.—"New York Times."

NEWS AND NOTES

(Selected)

Mothercraft

A doctor who has made a special study of child welfare, mothercraft, ante-natal treatment and children's hospitals in this Presidency, interviewed by a "Madras Mail" representative, said: In Madras we have still a long way to go in developing and encouraging these subjects, and there is much that we should do for the welfare of our mothers and the healthy up-bringing of our children. In England, great strides have been made in mothercraft and ante-natal work. There is in England a wonderful institution called the Mothercraft Training Society, with H. R. H. the Duchess of York as President. The work carried out by the Society is already showing splendid results. It would appear that the aims and objects of a mothercraft training society are not understood properly in India. They are briefly these: To uphold the sacredness of the body and the duty of health; to acquire accurate information and knowledge on matters affecting the health of women and children, and to discriminate such knowledge; to train and employ specially qualified nurses whose duty it will be to give sound, reliable instruction, advice and assistance on matters affecting the health and well-being of women, especially during pregnancy and while nursing infants, and also on matters affecting the health and well-being of their children; to train probationers and students in infant-care and mothercraft; and to educate and help parents and others in a practical way in domestic hygiene in general. All these things are designed to conserve the health and strength of the rising generation, and to render both mother and offspring hardy, healthy, and resistive to disease.

The expert continuingsaid: We are quite sure that if a centre were started in Madras and run by a qualified Matron and skilled Sisters it would be of immense benefit to the people, and we feel sure that educated Indian ladies

would be only too willing to assist a Society with objects such as we have described. We understand that efforts are being made to start such a society with a training centre. The Mothercraft Training Centre, it is proposed, would train fully qualified nurses (three months' course); certified midwives (four to six months' course); previously untrained women and girls (one year's course) ; and also young mothers, expectant mothers, and girls about to marry, for whom simple, short and practical courses in mothercraft, accompanied by demonstrations would be arranged at regular intervals. The Mothercraft Training Centre, it is understood, would contain out-patients and in-patients departments and a hostel for nurses under training.—*The Madras Mail.*

Social Work Among Scavengers

"Under the direction of the Gujarat Antyaja Sewa Mandal, an Antyaja Ashram is being conducted at Navsari for the last six years. The outside world even in Gujarat hardly knows that a small band of young Gujaratis, most of them graduates of the "Gandhi University" (Gujarat Vidyapith) and hailing from higher castes, have been unostentatiously carrying on the welfare work. Besides the Ashram, they have extended the sphere of their activity by opening a Bhangi school for the last three years, wherein all the municipal servants and their children—the scavengers—receive education. But the ambition of the conductors of the said Ashram knows no bounds, and they have now added a special sewing class for the Bhangi women and girls for the last eight months, and the special feature that attracts attention is that they have been able to secure the active co-operation of two graduate sisters for this work, one a Parsee and another a high class Deccani. These ladies of refinement and culture readily shouldered the responsibility of conducting the class and teaching the Bhangi girls and women the art of cutting and sewing, without feeling the least hesitation to mix with them. They will thus be able to contribute a little to the family budget, or at least free it from the burden of the sewing charges for their garments. Miss Tehemina Nariman, B.A., and Miss Anandibai Pathak, B.A., will have the blessings of these poor women, for what they have been doing for them out of a sheer sense of service. These two ladies by their persistent labour and efforts have also nurtured in these women a habit of cleanliness; and those, who had the fortune to be eye-witnesses of these operations being carried on, rubbed their eyes for a moment to be sure if the women they saw before them were really of the scavenger class. The workers have been also able to interest some of the prominent citizens of the town like Mr. Dinshaw Daboo, Dr. Jivanji and Mr. Jagoobhai Kapadia and they evince a keen interest by lending support monetarily and otherwise. That is the key to these people's success. These Bhangi women and girls, of whom to-day 8 adult women and 12 girls are taking the advantage of this welfare class, have learnt the alphabet and the fine art of music. Mr. Parikshita, the energetic Secretary, Mr. Kandheria and his other co-workers, deserve the gratitude of all well-wishers of Hindu Society for their praiseworthy work.—*Stri-Dharma.*

The American-Indian Woman

Miss Editha L. Watson writes in Equal Rights :—

There is food for thought in the fact that in modern times women in certain countries are yoked with the ox and valued less than the horse. Modern American women have not vet acquired Equal Rights with men, but, before the white men set foot on our shores, the Indian women were equals and in some cases the superiors of the men.

Woman's place in affairs becomes more important in direct proportion to the culture of her race. Thus, among the Indians it was the "digger", the wandering, ignorant, half-starved red man, who made a slave of his wife. But, as we look among the typical tribes, we find women on an equality with men. Few Indian women work as hard, or have as many tasks as the pioneer ancestors of our farmers' wives. Each sex had its own tasks to perform, fitted to the prevailing conditions, and worked in a complete harmony, a perfect comradeship, a real partnership, with the other.

There was no limit to working hours. A woman's time was her own, and, as long as her tasks were accomplished, she could work many hours or few to accomplish them. She was not barred from man's pursuits, and often Indian women excelled in hunting or fishing, she was not expected to go to war, but often painted and dressed as a warrior, she fought with the men of her tribe, and only death revealed her sex to the enemy.

An Indian woman's body was her own. She could not be compelled to marry against her will, nor could she be sold. Even white women prisoners were respected by their Indian captors.

Among the Pueblos, the woman owned the crops, as soon as they were gathered. She owned the home, and the children traced their lineage through her. A woman belonged to one of the four principal priesthoods.

But it is among the Iroquois that we find the ideal condition of woman. She controlled many of the fundamental institutions of Iroquois society. Descent was traced through her; she owned the lodge and all its furnishings; the children belonged to her. She owned the lands of her clan, including the burial grounds where her sons and brothers were interred. She had the sovereign right to select from her sons candidates for chieftainships of clan and tribe, and also to depose them for sufficient cause. The clan, the tribal councils, and the league council were composed of her representatives.

Part of her duty was to keep close watch on the policies and course of affairs affecting the welfare of the tribe, and to guard the interests of the public treasury, with power to maintain its resources, and a voice in its disposal. So necessary and so important were women in the affairs of the Iroquois, that the penalty of killing a woman was twice that for killing a man.

This power granted to woman did not turn her head. No matter how high a position she held, and she might be a chieftainess, or a regent for a male chief, she performed her regular tasks, attended to her daily duties.

The Iroquois nation, the first confederation of States north of Mexico, is looked upon even to-day as a brilliant example of government. How much of this was due to the Equal Rights of its women!—*Stri-Dharma*.

The Woman's Intermediate College, Bangalore

The state of Mysore may be justly proud of its contribution to the cause of Women's Education, though Travancore holds the place of honour. It was the earliest to start an educational Institution for women, being helped by that talented Ruler, the Maharani Regent of Mysore. Since the start, a spacious Hostel has been attached to the Maharani's College, Mysore. Though the College in Mysore has a fine record of work, and has produced several lady Bachelors and Masters of Arts, it has failed to attract more than five and thirty students at any time. So it was a wise step the University took, when it opened a Women's Institution in Bangalore. When this College opened in July 1928, its strength stood about 45 and the second year was ushered in with more than 50 students. Within the short space of 12 months of existence, it has achieved great popularity and strength, and students from neighbouring provinces are eagerly seeking admission, since no fees at all are levied in the Women's institutions in the state. It is quite probable that the institution will be shortly raised to the state of a first grade College.

On the 14th of August 1929, the students of the Women's College, Bangalore, were at home to Mrs. H. S. Hensman, M.A., their Superintendent, on the eve of her departure to England on furlough. The occasion served the significant purpose of manifesting the deep love and reverence in which the lady Superintendent was held by the students and staff of the Institution, and their tribute to her ability in organising the College from its inceptional stage and setting it on a firm footing as a "going concern".

A lady of the type of Mrs. Hensman with her high qualifications and her foreign education will be very necessary in guiding the destinies of such a College. Mrs. Hensman has shown not only remarkable ability as an administrator, but also a mother-like devotion, always anxious for the moral and material welfare of the girl students entrusted to her care. She has persistently maintained before them the high ideal of a noble womanhood, quite in keeping with the high tradition of the Indian race. The future of Indian women will be quite assured and happy, when they can count, among their educationists, ladies of the type of Mrs. H. S. Hensman of Mysore.

Feminism Gains in Roumania

"Feminism in Roumania is slowly but surely coming into its rightful heritage," Michaela Cartargi says, and, as the first woman to edit a daily newspaper in Roumania, and as a prominent Feminist—president of the Women's Association for Civil and Political Rights—Mme. Cartargi is living proof of her statement.

Mme. Cartargi has a considerable reputation in Roumania as a writer of newspaper and magazine articles. She is the only woman member of the moving-picture censorship board of Bucharest, and has the distinction of being the only Roumanian woman delegate on a Labour Commission to the League of Nations.

Egyptian Woman Serves on Jury

An Egyptian woman writer, May Ziadi, has been made a member of a jury, the duty of which is to examine plays in the Arabic language. L'Egyptienne

says: "Her appointment to serve with learned men on this committee makes us hope that whenever women are equally well-qualified they will find themselves treated on an equal footing with men".

Woman to Lead Norwegian Delegation at Geneva

Frau Betsy Kielsberg has been appointed by the Norwegian Government as member of Norway's delegation to the Twelfth International Labour Conference, which was held in Geneva in June. She will be the leader of this delegation, which will consist of herself and four men.—*Stri-Dharma.*

Dame Millicent Fawcett

The death of DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT removes one of the more prominent of the earlier pioneers of woman suffrage. By her own confession, at the time of a presentation made to her last year, she had had a singularly happy life and enjoyed the struggle on which she had been engaged for so many years. She has died with her ambitions fulfilled, although it was not the Labour Party, to which she and the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies of which she was president, professed allegiance, but the Conservative Party, which at last gave women the vote on equal terms with men. DAME FAWCETT was resolutely opposed to the militant aspect of the suffrage movement, an aspect which came into such prominence in the years immediately preceding the war. In the alliance with the Labour Party, she saw the most fruitful means of accomplishing the objects with which she was associated. It is the irony of fate that she was proved to be wrong. She, along with the wiser heads of the suffrage movement, saw quite rightly that no Government would be stampeded into giving the vote to women, because of violent and historical action such as, in the eyes of the majority of the nation, was a disgrace to its perpetrators. Yet, it was the notoriety that these actions aroused which was the movement's best advertisement, although it is a strange paradox that conduct, which in itself was admitted to be insensate, should first bring to the serious notice of all the political parties a movement which had as its foundation the belief that women had at least as much sense of responsibility and at least as high a level of general intelligence as men.—*The Madras Mail.*

Women in Politics

"It is one of the disadvantages of the admission of women into political life on equal terms with men that, inevitably, the representation of women in public life tends to fall into the hands of unmarried or childless women, who can never be the truest exponents of a woman's mind and character," declared the Bishop of Durham at a Mothers' Union festival in Durham Cathedral on July 1. Everybody knew unmarried or childless women who had shown wonderful unselfishness and affection towards children, he added, but the fact remained that the natural experience of child-bearing, with all its pains and sacrifices, was an indispensable condition of motherly character. "Therefore," he said, "I think it unfortunate that the representation of women in public life should be so largely in the hands of those who do not possess that primary qualification."

—*The Madras Mail.*

Sex Instruction

From April 10 to 15, there was held in Paris the second Congress of the International Association of Medical Women which meets every five years. An important subject was discussed : Sex Instruction for children and adolescents.

DECISIONS REACHED

Briefly the findings on which they are all agreed on the subject of Sex Instruction are as follows:—

1. That there should be Sex instruction, but it should not be given under that name.

2. That it should be given to quite young children, not as a special subject, but in relation to other subjects, such as Botany, Zoology, etc.

3. That a book on Animal and Human Life would meet a great demand.

4. They also declared that no amount of physiology imparted in later school years and at College can really influence sex conduct. That, for this, instruction in social morality and ethics is needed with definite religious ideals.

5. That parents are usually the best people to answer the child's questions and they all agreed that these answers must be true and non-evasive.

6. That all teachers in schools, whether they are teaching their pupils in class ethics or biology, etc., must themselves have the necessary knowledge to deal with the sex problem from the highest point of view.

7. Lastly, several of the Doctors spoke of the mistake made in giving different instruction to girls and to boys. Segregated classes may be better for instruction, but the standard of morality taught must be the same for both.

I think all mothers must be interested in these findings whether they agree with all of them or not.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. K. M. Abraham, Bangalore.
M.R.Ry. Rao Sahib P. Balakrishna Menon Avergal, Cannanore.
Rev. John Bhashyam, Gudiyatam.
Miss Bose, Jagdalpur.
Mrs. Y. J. Banninga, Pasumalai.
Mrs. A. V. N. Comaraswamy, Ceylon.
Mrs. Cooper, Calcutta.
Mrs. Daniel, Calcutta.
Mrs. Hasan, Nagpur.
Mrs. L. Joseph, Ceylon.
Mrs. L. Kunhiraman, Tellicherry.
Mrs. Lorbeer, Dindigul.
M.R.Ry. Rao Sahib K. A. Mukundan Avergal, Cannanore.
Miss T. Marshall, Vellore.
V. P. Narayan Nambiar Esq., Tellicherry.
Mrs. Petrie, Vellore.
Mrs. J F. Philips, Ceylon.
Shelton Storer Esq., Ceylon.
Mrs. P. Sanjeeva Rao, Benares.
Miss Tossel, Madras.
G. P. Therian Esq., Mallapuram.
Miss S. TeWinkel, Madanapalle.

Printed by H. F. HILMER at the Methodist Publishing House, Madras
and Published by MRS K. SATTHIANADHAN, M.A., Cannanore.

272—7

Begun in 1890 Thirty-Eighth year of Publication

THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER

Edited by—K. Natarajan

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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Foreign .... Rs. 10 (Post Free.)

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THREE LADY ORIENTAL SCHOLARS FROM SOUTH INDIA.

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Miss E. OLSSON, M. A.,
who has been elected President of the Oriental Research Society, Tanjore.

PHOTO - R. VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM

Miss K. MALATHY AMMA,
who passed first in the Presidency in the Rashtra Basha Examination in the last Hindi tests and won the first prize. The lady hails from the respectable Karimpata Nair family of Trichur.

PHCTO: R. VENKOBA RAO. SRIRANGAM

Sreemathi BATTULA KAMAKSHAMMA,
who has come out successful in the recent *Vidwan* or *Ubhayabashapraveena* examination of the Andhra University.
She is the Superintendent of the Vysya Seva Sadanam, Rajahmundry and a member of the Managing Committee of the Gouthami Library.